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L. J. EGELSTON, Principal

TO THE GRADUATES 1938

We congratulate you for your fine achievement and sincerely offer our best wishes for your continued success.

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THE GREEN AND GOLD
PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF WEST RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL
West Rutland, Vermont
JUNE, 1938

VOLUME XI

NUMBER III

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— W. R. H. S. —



— 1938 —

EDITORIALS



FAREWELL

The time has come when another class, none other than the class of 1938, must leave dear old West Rutland High School. We deeply regret the fact that it is our class who now must don those awe-inspiring garments—the traditional caps and gowns.

Upon entering as freshmen, our class numbered seventy; now, as we leave, only thirty-three remain. The four years that we have spent within these walls have, in our opinion, contributed much that will influence our lives in the future. We have tried these four years to do all that was possible to make West Rutland High the "best". It will be now left to you underclassmen to see that it maintains this standard.

Extra-curricula activities which various members of our class participated in, such as prize speaking, athletics, and school plays are responsible for many of the happy days that we spent here. Members of the editorial staff will miss working on our beloved school paper, the "Green and Gold", and the fun we have had in the press room.

Before we say this last farewell, we want to thank the under-classmen for their cooperation and above all, the teachers for their untiring interest and efforts that have made our stay here a success. Without them, I am sure, we never would have reached the goal we set out to attain.

Mary Dwyer
Class of '38

GRADUATION

How the underclassmen often envy the seniors, their activities throughout the year, their dignified attitude of superiority whenever they are passed in the halls, but most of all their elaborate preparations for graduation. The juniors say with indifference that they wish they were in the seniors' "Boots"—no more classes to attend, no more studying to do. But their opinions would result from an entirely different viewpoint if the lower classmen realized the conception that most of the seniors have of graduation and the reluctance with which they accept these diplomas. The graduates, too, felt the same when they were termed the underclassmen.

For most of the seniors, graduation is a solemn affair. Within their bosoms they anticipate a lonesomeness and a solitude—A feeling which makes them shudder inwardly and shed some tears at the mere thought of those caps and gowns. As they leave their alma mater, they feel that they are leaving behind them the best of their youthful lives. Of course, this feeling may not be unanimous. There are some graduates who openly and proudly declare their joy of leaving school, stating they are disgusted with books and studying;

they will not drop a tear at graduation, they boast. These sophisticated ones I often regret their foolish assertions when they sit on the stage and realize that for the last time the class of 1938 are gathered together as students of West Rutland High School. As they raise their voices in their school song, even the most blase graduate can be seen surreptitiously wiping away a few tears.

Stephanie Sobotka
Class of '38

FROM THE JUNIORS TO THE SENIORS

June! Graduation! Farewell! Once more we have come to one of the hardest times of our high school career, that of saying farewell to our senior classmates.

For three years now we have had the privilege and pleasure of knowing and working with these students, who have become our friends.

It is difficult for us to put into words how much we have enjoyed these associations and to what extent we have profited from our various contacts with the seniors.

From them we have learned the lesson of perseverance. When we are at times tempted to leave school, we think of some member of the present graduating class who perhaps had no easy time in "sticking through" four years of high school to earn their diploma.

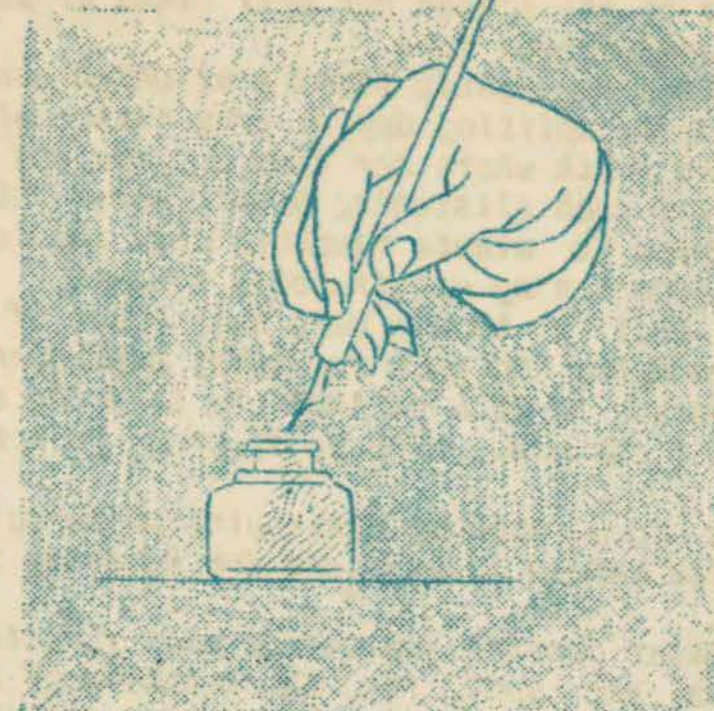
We have learned from them the necessity of cooperation in all undertaking. Those of us who have been privileged to work on the Green and Gold paper with the members of the class of '38 have admired their efficient and able way of editing these periodicals, and we shall consider it our duty to carry on this good work in the same way.

We also offer our congratulations to the play and dance committees for the many successes they have realized.

And so to each individual member of the graduating class, let us once again offer the time old phrases of Congratulations, Good Luck, and much success! You've earned it!

Annette Leonard
Class of '39

LITERARY



I'M JUST A LITTLE DARLING

Aren't some people ignorant? Just imagine! Here I am, already five, going on six months, and I am still called a darling baby! No doubt I am a darling, but that "baby stuff" gets me. In my opinion, anyone as clever as I am should be treated with respect. "Clever"---that's a word that I think describes me to the dot. Why I can get into more mischief in one day than most pups my age ever dreamed of! Many are the times that we've heard the expression, "It's beyond me how such a cute little bundle of fluff could grow to be such a rascal."

I really don't remember much about my infancy, but if I'm a darling now, I don't believe there are words that could even begin to do credit to me as a baby. I'm not going to describe my appearance in detail. No indeed; I shall merely say that I have beautiful brown eyes with circles, not under, but above them. (I thought it the funniest thing ever, when people who saw me at a distance believed these circles to be my eyes). I might also say that I have brownish black fur that is naturally curly, with a dash of white at the very tip of my tail that adds much to my already striking appearance.

I was very young when I came to my present home, and, as I had never before been away from my mother, I at first felt very blue and lonely. You can imagine my delight when a door opened and a great big dot came in. I was all for rushing over to him and asking who he was when he came up to me and growled, sort of low, way down in his throat, as though he didn't want anyone else to heat him. "You scram, Mutt; this is my home, and I won't have any other dogs cluttering up my property."

A voice said, "Major, you be nice now," and he turned his back on me without giving me a chance at a come-back.

"Major, indeed," I thought. "Well, I won't call him that; I'm going to call him 'Gramp' though 'Grump' is perhaps more appropriate."

As soon as he realized that I was to be his daily companion, he condescended to become friends with me. We've really had some great old times together, Gramp and I. I do have fun when I nip him by the legs and hang on for dear life as he tries to elude me, and I keenly enjoy sneaking up on him and running off with some juicy bone which he has momentarily left unguarded while he is taking a little snooze secure in the thought that I appear to be well out of sight, though in reality I am usually peering at him from behind some bush or around a corner of the house.

I remember my first meeting with that furry little creature, the possessor of that easy going expression and the long, sharp, ever ready claws hiding

so snugly and deceitfully in her soft dainty paws--the animal whose every move seemed to confirm my first impression of helplessness and complete submissiveness to my every whim--none other than the cat.

I proceeded to assert my authority by barking gleefully and making sudden, experimental dashes in her direction. Much to my amazement, I was greeted by a flurry of paws as she landed her well aimed blows in rapid succession on my very tender and unprotected nose.

My admiration for this apparently timed soul which could so suddenly be transformed into a raging spitting demon, grew noticeably as little ruby red drops of blood glimmered forth where her tiny daggers had struck and appeared to take on volume until each glistening bubble burst into little streams of salty blood which trickled in minute rivulets down the length of my nose, and landed with a little "llop" on my outstretched tongue.

My mistress says that I have a very keen sense of smell which is often the cause of my being naughty and thus receiving punishment.

How is a body supposed to know whether he is doing something wrong until after he had done it I ask you. "Why is it wrong to work for an honest living?"

You say I get my food without destroying property by searching for it, but why are bones buried unless it is meant for someone, Sometime to dig them up?"

I always feel a queer burning excitement when I, without the aid of a map indicating that X marks the spot, find the location of some precious though ancient bone buried perhaps by some bold, brave, pirate dog while accompanying Captain Kidd on one of his daring, treasure-hiding excursions. As I dig deeper I begin to work faster and faster until what has become a tantalizing odor spurring me on to greater heights, lies revealed in a crumbling yellow stage--a treasure if there ever was one. While I am lying in front of Gramp, taunting and teasing him with the object of my morning's labor, I hear a roar of rage and setting my teeth daintily on each side of my delicious morsel I tiptoe gingerly to a vantage point behind a thorn-studded rose bush where, apparently unseen by all, I soon learn the cause of the commotion. It seems that my mistress has a mania for keeping a smooth orderly lawn and objects emphatically to the deep jagged excavations formed as a result of my treasure hunts.

I snicker softly as I behold the uproar caused by my quest for the buried bone, but I sober up immediately as I hear a clink clank noise of a chain and an ungently hand fumbling for the collar fastened around my neck, and I know for a certainty that my liberty has at least, for the time being, been taken away from me. Well I've had my fun so I don't put up too big a fuss. I merely sit down and begin practicing my singing.

"Wailing" is a word which best describes the noise I make as I, with great gusto, warble a mournful tune changing my tempo gradually until I am uttering sharp staccato sounds, and ending it all with what might be classed as a lusty sailor's chanty.

I truly am very capable of making the best of things and I'm not alone in the thought that I am everybody's darling and a very clever dog as well.

May Lindberg

Class of '38

THE REAL HERO

Would the bell ever ring? This was the chief thought in the minds of the students of Riverdale High School. The boys sat in their seats gazing out at the new baseball field, which, in a few minutes would be the center of attraction. Overhead, the sky was a beautiful blue, and the sun, in all its splendor, looked graciously down upon the school and its surroundings. As for the girls, they watched the large hands of the clock as they slowly moved.

What was the reason for their anxiety? Why, it was the day of the most

long-looked-for baseball game of the season, which was to be played with St. John's Academy.

After what seemed to be hours, the bell finally rang. What a rush was made for the door! No one could get there soon enough. The baseball players ran down to the lockers, and the other students hurried down to the bleachers to make sure of getting a seat.

Meanwhile, down in the lockers where the players were hurriedly getting dressed the boys could be heard talking enthusiastically to one another.

"We've got to do our best today, Bob," said Bill Stevens, pulling off his shoes. "I certainly hope he doesn't put Jack Lord in. He's never proved himself to be an asset to the team. However, I did hear some of the fellows talking about it and they seemed quite confident that Coach would probably do that."

"Well, we'll just have to hope he doesn't. Come on, are you ready?"

"I certainly am," answered Bob, putting on his cap. "I'll beat you down to the diamond."

Saying this, the two boys departed and joined the rest of the team, which was warming up. After practicing about twenty minutes, the teams were called to their respective benches.

The two coaches were busily giving last minute instructions and advice.

"The main line-up will start today," announced the coach, "and Jack Lord will take Joe Richard's place at third base. Go in there and play a good clean game. Do your best, and I won't find fault."

With these directions in mind, the Riverdale boys ran out to their various positions in their shining new suits of green and gold. Soon after, their opponents forrowed them arrayed in new suits also of red and white.

St. John's Academy came up to bat first. The pitcher and catcher took their usual three practice throws and the umpire shouted "Batter up!"

A tall, thin fellow came up to the plate. Pitcher Farrell of Riverdale eyed him curiously for a moment and wondered if his batting ability was as powerful as he looked. He glanced at Catcher Roberts and received a signal for a low ball. Taking his usual wind-up, he pitched his first ball of the game which was a little outside.

"Ball!" cried the umpire.

Farrell's teammates urged him on and gave him all sorts of encouragement. He threw the next ball right over the plate. The batter swung at it and caught it.

"Nice going," said catcher Roberts walking up to Pitcher Farrell. "That's the old number one in there."

They continued playing an evenly fought battle until the beginning of the ninth inning, when the score was tied 6 to 6. St. John's Academy came back strong in this inning and managed to bring in two runs. At this point of the game, the Riverdale team were on pins and needles. Bill Stevens got up to bat first and hit a double bagger out into left field. Then Jim Brown got up and hit a fly. Mickey Flanders, the outfielder, was next in line. He clouted the ball a little farther than second base for a single. Jim Evans came up to the plate next and hit a foul ball which was caught by the catcher making two outs. Now there was one man on first and one on second. All Riverdale was holding her breath when no other than Jack Lord walked up the batter's box. The crowd dispaired. The first pitch was a ball. The next one was right over but he hesitated to swing at it. The next ball came right across the plate. This time he swung and connected. He hit a grounder right out between the third baseman's legs and out into the outfield. Meanwhile, the two players, preceding him had come in, and he was running for all he was worth. The crowd went simply wild. The outfielder in his excitement made a wild peg to the pitcher and Jack finally landed at home plate just about a half second before the ball. Thus the game ended with Riverdale High School the winner with the score of 9-1.

As you all can imagine, no one from that day to this has ever criticized Jack Lord who was the real hero of that game.

Patricia McCormack
Class of '49

UNKNOWN

Jim Mullin had never been treated with much deference in the office in which he worked. Yet year after year while gray streaks began to appear in his hair, he never seemed to lose his optimism or to grow better towards people more fortunate than he.

No one ever stopped to consider how faithfully he always performed the work assigned to him. No one took any account of the accuracy with which he left his house every morning at nine o'clock, appearing a few minutes later at the subway. The officials about the subway used to say jokingly that they could set their watches by the arrival of that same figure always clad in clothes that were growing shabby, and a hat always out of date. At the office he was always greeted with but slight consideration, and was always ignored by the officials of the firm who scarcely nodded as they came late and went away early in their luxurious automobiles. To them Jim Mullin was like the desk and the files--always in his place.

Jim had become accustomed to this sort of treatment, but no one thought he cared and no one noticed the look of disappointment that came over his face when all the employees passed him by with just a nod or a brief "hello".

It was a June morning when everything is fresh and radiant. The birds were singing brightly, and everywhere there was a scent of unseen flowers. Jim enjoyed these beauties of nature to the fullest extent, as he walked briskly to the busy corner which he had to cross every morning. The noise was terrific, and Jim seemed a little bewildered as he attempted to cross.

Suddenly he heard an outcry, and a stir among the crowd which soon developed into panic.

A milk wagon which was being loaded farther up the street had run away, and its immense horse and full weight of the large cart were thundering down upon the passers-by who fled in every direction.

The horses rushed madly along the road, clearing a path for themselves, rushing upon the sidewalk with such suddenness that death was sure to result. Jim quickly ducked behind a building, and stood very still, for he felt almost sure that the horses would run straight ahead and leave him in safety.

Scarcely had he reached the building when he saw a bewildered woman. He quickly reached out and drew her into safety. Another second and the furious beasts were drawing close. Jim saw a baby carriage in which two little children slept. He dashed forward seizing both children in his arms. After giving the children to the woman who was safe behind the wall, he seized the reins of the horses and tugged at them with his utmost strength. He was dragged along, his clothes torn, his face cut and bleeding. The strain was terrible. He felt as if his arms would be wrenched from their sockets. Soon a mounted policeman galloped up and other men, who had taken courage, helped them stop the wild horses. Jim had fallen to the ground unconscious, seriously hurt. He was raised gently and carried to the ambulance amid the cheers which could not reach his ears.

One man in all the crowd knew Jim's name, but he did not know his address or anything about his family. He had worked beside Jim for thirty five years.

Ellen Fitzsimmons
Class of '40

JIMMIE DONOVAN---ACE

Jimmie Donovan was an ace. Of course he was, or why had the Spanish Loyalist government hired him to fly for them at the amazing salary of \$250 a week? Why had they taken the time and trouble to send a personal representative to get him to fly for them if he wasn't an ace and therefore highly superior to the other Spanish, Russian, and American flyers who were fighting in Spain? Jimmie was very proud of this fact. He told himself he had reason to be, as he lay thoughtfully smoking on his cot in the aviator's barracks of the highly important Los Alcazares Airdrome. Jimmie had been with the Loyalists only two weeks, only two weeks, I repeat; yet already he had felt the thrill that comes to all wartime pilots when they bring down their first enemy plane. In Jimmie's case it had been a huge Rebel Junkers which, unsuccessful in its attempt to fight off Jimmie's fierce attack, had gone hurtling downward, in flames, its load of bombs making huge, gaping craters in a once prosperous olive orchard. His next victories were mostly pure luck, he having come upon two Rebel scout planes one late afternoon; Jimmie shot the first plane down and before the other pilot saw him, but the second plane kept Jimmie busy until a chance shot put the Rebel's motor out of commission.

In the past two weeks two fello flyers had crossed the Great Divide. There was Craydon, brave fellow who had stayed in his plane when the entire tail had been shot away. There was Johnson--big blond, good-natured Swede who had been killed by a Rebel flyer who when apparently about to crash, had straightened out, and come up under the unsuspecting Swede and shattered his plane with machine-gun fire. Jimmie shuddered at the mental picture of both crashes. Just then the door opened and a mechanic entered.

He was tall, dark, but good-natured, and Jimmie knew him to be one of the best mechanics in Spain. He told Donovan to report to the office for flying instructions. Jimmie climbed into his flying togs, stopping long enough to muse once more over the strange series of events since he had been promoted to First Lieutenant in the Loyalist Flying Corps. The chevrons on his arms had caused this pause. Jimmie was as proud of that as of his title.

At the office of the flight commander, a Russian named Belinov, Jimmie was told very carefully what his next assignment was to be. Belinov indicated a section on the map which was being taken over by the Rebels under Franco. Jimmie was to lead four planes in a bombing raid on the Rebel lines.

Jimmie climbed into the cockpit of his Russian biplane and taxied across the field. As he rose into the air, he watched the rest of his squadron rise in formation behind him. After about a half hour they reached their own front lines. Across No Man's Land lay the Rebel infantry and motorized cavalry slowly advancing under the protective fire of the artillery. Jimmie dipped wings, signaled to attack, and headed straight for the troops. When he was about twelve hundred feet above them, he pulled the release levers. His plane reared slightly as its load was lessened. He pulled himself out of the dive and watched for the effect. It was not long in coming. The terrorized troops ran desperately in all directions, but they could not escape that rain of death. The very earth seemed to shake as the bombs sank deep craters in its surface. As Jimmie was about to give the signal to return, he turned in time to see a dozen German-built Heinkel pursuit planes start in his direction. Quickly he executed the Luftberry circle, but the Rebels were not fooled by this famous and important maneuver, for they tried to separate him from his squadron. Directly in front of him was a red Heinkel; above him was a Heinkel and he knew that there were more behind him. In a most difficult maneuver he managed to pull himself up behind one of the Rebels. A few well-placed plane carcen crazily toward the earth where it crashed with a resounding shudder. Jimmie watched a Heinkel who was trying to get into the dogfight without much success. Suddenly the Heinkel saw Jimmie and headed straight for him. Barrel-rolling, Jimmie dropped into a position which soon gave him the advantage. Jimmie's machine-gun chattered as he pulled up in under the Heinkel's tail. Down fluttered the Rebel plane like a wounded bird; a moment later a Loyalist plane joined him and both struck and ground together.

Jimmie was about to give his three remaining planes the signal to retire when he saw a Heinkel head straight for him, both guns spitting tracer bullets. Jimmie heard a bullet hit motor. A moment or so later his engine sputtered, coughed, and died. Down, down, down he plunged, with the blue sky and the brown earth flashing and spinning in crazy patterns in front of him. Straight toward the damp earth with his altimeter dropping rapidly 6500 feet, 6000 feet, 5000 feet, 4500 feet, 3000 feet, 2000 feet, 1000 feet, and then it came-----

Jimmie Donovan pulled himself out of the tangle of bed clothes and looked sheepishly around. He hoped no one had heard the cry he felt certain he had emitted a moment before. Well, he would have to stop reading Spanish War stories and eating too much Spanish food for supper. It was high time he, a transport flyer, was getting to work.

Edward Baumgardner
Class of 1940

SUICIDE?

John Gay had been moody all week. The girls and boys were always laughing at that horrible mark on his face which had appeared about a week ago. He couldn't get even one date because of that ugly looking mark.

If one had been watching Johnny as he returned home from school on this particular day, one would have noticed on the boy's face a look of despair, a look of grim determination. Had the unseen observer followed Johnny into his house, he would have noticed that the boy, after looking furtively around, went directly to his room and carefully closed the door. Here he was very nervous; he paced the bedroom for about fifteen minutes trying to get up nerve and not be a coward. Finally he reached into the dresser drawer, took out his father's straight razor, and rubbed it along his throat. The cold steel sent chills through him, but he couldn't back out now. He braced himself and started to slash; then he fainted.

About five minutes later John's brother Paul and his mother came in. Paul went into the bedroom and there was John lying on the floor unconscious with a razor in his hand. Paul called his mother who came running in. Seeing John unconscious, she felt of his pulse which was very strong. Just then she noticed that the horrible mark on his face was gone. John had cut it off with the razor. The mother knew what her son must have gone through in the last hour. John started moving, and slowly opening his eyes said, "Well, Mother I did it, I did it, I shaved off my mustache."

Donald Woods
Class of 1938

CLASS
OF
-1938-

W. R. H. S.



JOHN AINES
JOHN AINES

"JOHNNY"

GENERAL COURSE

Football 1; Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Freshman Reception Committee; Class Color Committee; School Chorus.

"JOHNNY" SEEMS TO CARRY ON RATHER WELL THE LAST OF THE AINES DYNASTY IN HIGH SCHOOL. HE IS NOTED FOR HIS EXCELLENT SENSE OF HUMOR. HIS MAIN STAND-BY IS A GOOD STACK OF AGED "HILL" JOKES.



LEO BARTLETT

"BART"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 4; Green and Gold Magazine: Reporter 4; School Chorus; Honor Student.

"BART" IS OUR AMBITIOUS BOOKKEEPER. HE WAS ALWAYS WILLING TO HELP A STUDENT OUT OF A JAM. HE ALSO TURNED OUT TO BE AN EXCELLENT BASEBALL PLAYER.



RICHARD BOWEN

"RINNY"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 3; Green and Gold Reporter 2, 3; Freshman Reception Committee; Play Committee; School Chorus; President 2, 3, 4; Welcome Address; Presentations.

"RINNY" WAS OUR FLASHING BASKETBALL STAR. HE SURELY COULD HIT THE HOOP. HIS WONDERFUL WORK IN SPORTS MADE RINNY A VERY POPULAR BOY WHILE IN HIGH SCHOOL.



CHARLES BROUGH

"CHARLIE"

GENERAL COURSE

Football 1; Green and Gold Magazine Reporter 3; Art Editor 4; School Chorus; Class History.

"CHARLIE" IS OUR CLASS ARTIST. WE ARE INDEBTED TO HIM FOR HIS MANY HUMOROUS CARTOONS. HE ALSO HAS A KEEN SENSE OF HUMOR.

1938



JANE CIJKA

"CHICKY"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Glee Club; School Chorus

A RATHER QUIET PERSONAGE IS "CHICKY". SHE IS NOTED FOR HER STUDIOUS NATURE AND PLEASANT DISPOSITION.



PAUL CLODGO

"BUCKY"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Football 2, 4; Athletic Play 4; Senior Play; School Chorus.

"BUCKY" IS A REAL PAL AND AN ACTOR OF NO SMALL MERIT. AND HOW HE COULD GET ALONG WITH THE FAIRER SEX.



PETER CZACHOR

"PETE"

LATIN COURSE

Football 2, 4; Stage Manager 4; Green and Gold Magazine Production Manager 4; Dance Committee; Class Song, Music; School Chorus; Class Will; Honor Student.

A VERY INDUSTRIOUS STUDENT IS "PETE". HIS CHARMING PERSONALITY HAS CAUSED A FEW CASES OF SPRING FEVER AMONG THE FAIRER SEX. SHE(?) CONSIDERS THAT HE IS A PRETTY FAIR DANCER.



ANNA DEMSICK

"ANNZ"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Glee Club; School Chorus.

ANNA SEEMS TO PREFER THE MORE SERIOUS SIDE OF LIFE. SHE IS A QUIET GIRL, ALWAYS WITH A BOOK IN HER HAND.



MARY DWYER

"MARY"

LATIN COURSE

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Tennis 3; Athletic Play 3, 4; Senior Play; Green and Gold Reporter 2, Editor-in-chief 4; Freshman Reception Committee; Play Committee; Prize Speaking 1; Glee Club; School Chorus; Vice President 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Song, Words; Honor Student.

HOW COULD WE HAVE GOT ALONG WITHOUT THIS INDUSTRIOUS AND COOPERATIVE MARY? SHE IS A GREAT LOVER OF BASKETBALL AND OTHER SPORTS. HER SMILE WILL GET HER ANYWHERE.



PEARL HARRINGTON

"PEARLY"

GENERAL COURSE

Basketball 3, 4; Tennis 3; Athletic Play 3, 4; Senior Play; Green and Gold Reporter 3, News Editor 4; Dance Committee; Prize Speaking 3, 4; Glee Club; School Chorus; Class History; District Vocal Contest 1.

"PEARLY" IS A PERSON TO BE RECOGNIZED IN ANY CROWD BY HER RATHER COMPELLING, TALKATIVE DISPOSITION. PEARL ALSO POSSESSES A FINE MUSICAL TALENT.



WILLIAM HEBERT

"CUBBY"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Football 1; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play; Green and Gold Business Manager 4; Freshman Reception Committee; Dance Committee; School Chorus; Assistant Manager, Football and Baseball; Pastime.

"CUBBY" APPEARS TO BE ONE OF THE MORE QUIET STUDENTS OF '38. HE PROBABLY DONS THE AIR TO PREVENT TOO GREAT A DISTURBANCE ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE ENGLISH ROOM.



PATRICIA HEYMAN

"PAT"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Basketball 1; Glee Club; School Chorus.

WE WOULD NEVER KNOW THE FOLKLORE OF CASTLETON IS THIS WALKING NEWSPAPER DISAPPEARED. SHE HAS A PLEASANT, HAPPY DISPOSITION AND APPEARS TO DELIGHT IN ACTION.

ANNA HINCKLEY

"HINCKIE"

LATIN COURSE

Senior Play; Green and Gold Reporter 3, 4; Motto Committee; Color Committee; Glee Club; School Chorus; Prize Speaking 4

ANNA HAS A FACE AND MANNER THAT REVEAL THE TRIALS AND RESULTS OF THE DAY. IF ALL HAS SAILED ALONG ON "WINGS OF SONG" ONE WILL SEE A SMILING VISAGE BUT IF CLOUDS APPEAR WE FIND SUCH A GLOOMY MASK.

CHARLES KATOMSKI

"CHARLIE"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3; Basketball 1, 2, 4; Track 3, 4; Color Committee; School Chorus

THE SPORTS AREA SURELY WILL MISS CHARLIE WHEN HE LEAVES W.R.H.S. HE HAS PARTICIPATED IN FOOTBALL, BASKETBALL, BASEBALL AND TRACK. BESIDE HIS ABILITY IN ATHLETICS, HE HAS A MOST PLEASING PERSONALITY AND A KEEN SENSE OF HUMOR.

JAMES KEARNEY

"PHILBERT"

GENERAL COURSE

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Green and Gold Reporter 2, 3, Production Manager 4; Art Editor; Play Committee; Motto Committee; School Chorus; Treasurer 3, 4.

A VERY QUIET, SHY LAD IS "PHILBERT". I THINK OUR "SHORT JIMMY" SHOULD SHARE SOME OF HIS HUMOROUS ANTICS WITH PHIL. IN SPITE OF HIS SHYNESS PHILBERT POSSESSES A PERSONALITY THAT EVERYONE APPRECIATES.

THOMAS KEENAN

"TOMMY"

GENERAL COURSE

Football 4; Basketball 4; Track 4; Senior Play Motto Committee; Prize Speaking 4.

HERE IS A STUDENT THAT HAS JUST DISCOVERED W.R.H.S. IN THE PAST YEAR, AND W.R.H.S. HAS DISCOVERED HIM. HE APPEARS TO BE RATHER A SHEIK AROUND THE FEMININE CLASS. WELL, WHY NOT? HE HAS CHARM, DANCE TECHNIQUE, AND BLONDE HAIR.

TINA LANFAR

"TIMMY"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Motto Committee; School Chorus; Salutatorian

TINA'S ABILITY TO LEARN HISTORY IS THE ENVY OF ALL HER CLASSMATES. HER READY SMILE AND UNASSUMING MANNER HAVE MADE HER WELL-LIKED BY ALL.

DUANE LANG

"RED"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Football 1, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Tennis 1, Class Prophecy; School Chorus

IF WE STEPPED OUTSIDE AT NIGHT, WE WOULD SEE "RED" THUMBING HIS PASSAGEWAY FROM THAT CIVICS PAD. HE AND PAT DELIGHT IN RELATING CASTLETON'S PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

JEANNE LANTHIER

"JEANNE"

LATIN COURSE

Basketball 1, 2, 3; Green and Gold Reporter 3, Exchange Editor 4; Color Committee; School Chorus; Class Secretary 2, 3, 4; Class Prophecy; Honor Student

JEANNE IS THE TYPICAL MANHATER (?) FOUND IN EVERY CLASSROOM. SHE HAS A READY SMILE, A WINNING PERSONALITY, AND A HAND ALWAYS READY TO ASSIST HER FELLOW MEN.

JOSEPH LASKIS

"JOE"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 3, 4; School Chorus

WHAT WOULD WE EVER DO WITHOUT JOE. THE DAY SEEMS VERY QUEER IF WE FAIL TO HEAR THAT "O, MR. MOREY," AND A LONG EXPLANATION. HE HAS A CACHE HIDDEN AWAY FILLED WITH TREASURES OF JOKES.



ROLAND LINCOLN

"ROLLY"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Color Committee; Motto Committee; School Chorus; Honor Student.

THE "GUY" FROM IRA SEEMS TO BE THE SUBJECT OF MUCH DISCUSSION AMONG CERTAIN PEOPLE. WELL, IT'S GOOD THING WE DON'T ALL PREFER BLONDS. THE GIRLS SEEM TO FIND A SUBTLE CHARM IN THE STUDENTS FROM THE BACKWOODS.



MAY LINDBERG

"MAJKE"

GENERAL COURSE

Basketball 1, 2, 3; Green and Gold Reporter 2, Alumni Editor 3, Literary Editor 4; Play Committee; Glee Club; School Chorus; Class Poem; Honor student.

A GIFTED HAIR-DRESSER-TO-BE IS OUR RED-HAIRED CLASSMATE. HER LITERARY SKILL IS THE ENVY OF MANY STUDENTS AND THE DELIGHT OF ALL SUBSCRIBERS TO THE "GREEN AND GOLD".



ETHEL MCCABE

"ETHEL"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club; School Chorus.

ETHEL IS OUR MOST PETITE CLASSMATE. ONE SELDOM SEES HER FROWN. SHE'S THE ONE WHO TAKES THINGS AS THEY COME AND COMPLAINS ABOUT NONE.



SHIRLEY MCCABE

"SHIRL"

GENERAL COURSE

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic play 1, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Senior Play; Freshman Reception Committee; Glee Club; School Chorus; Class Will

THE CLASS "JULIET" OF W.R.H.S. IS SHIRLEY. HER PERSONALITY AND ABILITY TO ENTERTAIN WOULD UPLIFT THE MOST DISPIRITED COUNTENANCE. SHE WILL MAKE AN EXCELLENT DANCER TOO.



IRENE MCNAMARA

"MAC"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Basketball 1, 2, 3; Green and Gold, Alumni Editor 4; Freshman Reception Committee; Motto Committee; Color Committee; Glee Club; School Chorus.

THIS CHARMING LITTLE LADY HAS A FACE READY TO BEAM WITH SUNSHINE. IN THE PAST YEAR, YOU WOULD HAVE FOUND HER MUCH IN DEMAND AROUND THE GREEN AND GOLD ROOM.



JAMES MCNEIL

"JIMMY"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Football 1, 2, 4; Baseball 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Track 3; Athletic play 4; Senior Play; Play Committee; School Chorus; Baseball Manager 4; Basketball Manager 4;

YOU CAN ALWAYS RECOGNIZE THIS "ROMEO" BY HIS CUTE LITTLE WAVE PLUS HIS HUMOR WHICH SOLICITED ALL THE TEACHERS.



MARY ORZELL

"MANIA"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Motto Committee; Dance committee; School Chorus; Honor Student.

A MORE PLEASING PERSONALITY WE SHALL NEVER FIND. W.R.H.S. WILL SURELY MISS THE FLASHING SMILE OF THE BRILLIANT BLONDE. SHE POSSESSES A BRAIN-CAPACITY THAT SHOULD BE SHARED WITH OTHER CLASSMATES.



VANESSA POTTER

"NESSA"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Glee Club; School Chorus; Basketball 1.

VANESSA IS A SHY, RESERVED LITTLE STUDENT BUT GIVE HER AN OPPORTUNITY TO DISPLAY HER CHARMS. AND WHEN SHE DOES TURN ON HER PERSONALITY SHE CAN WIN A "ROMEO" FOR HERSELF.

W R H S



STEPHANIA SOBOTKA

"STEPHIE"

LATIN COURSE

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Senior Play; Green and Gold Associate Editor 4; Potto Committee; School Chorus Valedictorian.

"STEPHIE" POSSESSES A VERY DIGNIFIED COUNTENANCE. SHE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN ENDOWED WITH MORE THAN HER SHARE OF BRAINS. PERHAPS THOUGH, IT WAS BECAUSE WITH HER PLEASANT PERSONALITY, SHE KNOWS HOW TO USE THEM TO A GREATER ADVANTAGE.



JOHN SMYRSKI

"JOHNNY"

GENERAL COURSE

Football 1; Motto Committee; School Chorus; Honor Student.

"JOHNNY" POSSESSES A VERY DIGNIFIED COUNTENANCE WHICH WOULD GO WELL WITH A CLERICAL ROBE. HE HAS A PLEASING PERSONALITY WHICH IS REVEALED READILY TO HIS INTIMATE FRIENDS.



FLORENCE TAGGART

"FLO"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

School Chorus.

FLORENCE IS ANOTHER ONE WHO TRAVELED BY "THUMB" DURING HER FOUR YEARS AT W.R.H.S. SHE IS RATHER RESERVED AND QUIET IN COMPARISON WITH OTHER CASTLETONIANS.



WILLIAM VALACH

"BILL"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

School Chorus

"BILL" IS GOING OUT FOR SALESMANSHIP. ACCORDING TO WHAT HE SAYS, HE'LL PROBABLY TRY ADVERTISING FOR NONE OTHER THAN HENRY FORD.

1938

W. R. H. S.



DONALD WOODS

"DON"

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Tennis 4; School Chorus

"DON" IS EASY TO IDENTIFY BY HIS LAUGH WHICH EITHER CRACKS OR SQUEAKS. HE IS KNOWN AS THE PROFESSOR OF KNOWLEDGE, BUT HE CAN ALSO DISPENSE AS MUCH NONSENSE AS ANYONE.

1938

CLASS HISTORY



1934-1935

GRADUATION OR COMMENCEMENT, AS IT QUITE OFTEN CALLED, SHOULD FOR THE MOST PART INSPIRE US TO LOOK AHEAD, TO MAKE PLANS FOR THE FUTURE, TO BEGIN A NEW CHAPTER IN LIFE; BUT BEFORE WE CLOSE THE BOOK OF OUR HIGH SCHOOL DAYS, WE ASK YOU TO REVIEW WITH US FOR A FEW MINUTES SOME OF THE HAPPY EVENTS OF OUR PAST FOUR YEARS.

IN SEPTEMBER OF 1934, AS MEEK, TIMID FRESHMEN, WE ENTERED WEST RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL, AND AS IS THE CUSTOM WERE THOROUGHLY DUCKED BEFORE THE FIRST DAY HAD PASSED. APPROXIMATELY ONE WEEK LATER WE ATTENDED THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION AND WERE FURTHER INITIATED, BUT IT WAS ALL IN FUN.

TO MANY OF US SOME OF THE HAPPIEST MEMORIES OF SCHOOL DAYS ARE THE THOUGHTS OF THE PLEASANT HOURS SPENT UPON THE FOOTBALL FIELD, THE BASKETBALL COURT, AND BASEBALL DIAMOND. EVEN IN THEIR FRESHMAN YEAR SUCH STALWARTS AS KEARNEY, BOWEN, HEBERT, BARTLETT, KATOMSKI, AND MCNEIL PROVED THEIR METTLE AS BASKETBALL PLAYERS AND WERE GIVEN NUMERALS AS A REWARD FOR THEIR EFFORTS.

IN JUNE, THE GIRLS' DIVISION OF THE ANNUAL PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST WAS WON BY NONE OTHER THAN MARY DWYER OF THE CLASS OF 1938. AFTER FINAL EXAMS, REPORT CARDS, AND GRADUATION, WE JOYFULLY LEFT SCHOOL FOR THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

1935-1936

IN THE FALL OF 1935 WE RETURNED TO THE WEST SIDE TRYING TO POSE AS DIGNIFIED SOPHOMORES. MANY OF THE BOYS WENT OUT FOR FOOTBALL. WHEN BASKETBALL SEASON ARRIVED, MOST OF THE SOPHOMORES WHO HAD PARTICIPATED AS FRESHMEN AGAIN TOOK PART.

A CLASS MEETING WAS HELD FOR THE PURPOSE OF ELECTING OFFICERS. RICHARD BOWEN WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT; MARY DWYER, VICE-PRESIDENT; JEANNE LANTHIER, SECRETARY; AND JAMES KEARNEY, TREASURER.

IN THE COURSE OF THE YEAR, TWO NEW W.P.A. PROJECTS STIMULATED FURTHER INTEREST IN ATHLETICS. A BALCONY WAS ERECTED ON THE EAST AND WEST SIDES OF THE GYMNASIUM, AND A NEW TOBOGGAN SLIDE WAS CONSTRUCTED ON THE HILL BESIDE THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

WHEN JUNE EXAMINATIONS AND COMMENCEMENT ACTIVITIES AGAIN ROLLED AROUND, WE CAME TO THE REALIZATION THAT THE CLASS OF 1938 WAS BEGINNING TO TAKE AN ACTIVE PART IN MAKING THE HISTORY OF W.R.H.S. AS WE WATCHED THE GRADUATES MARCH OUT THESE VERY DOORS, WE BEGAN TO FEEL OUR RESPONSIBILITIES IN CARRYING ON THE WORK ALREADY BEGAN. SO WE EAGERLY LOOKED FORWARD TO OUR LAST TWO YEARS AT W.R.H.S.

1936-1937

IN OUR JUNIOR YEAR THE WEST RUTLAND ATHLETIC FIELD WAS OPENED, HERE THE FOOTBALL TEAM WON NUMEROUS VICTORIES, THE BASKETBALL SQUAD, THAT SEASON, WAS NOT SO SUCCESSFUL HOWEVER.

AT OUR CLASS MEETING WE RE-ELECTED THE CLASS OFFICERS OF THE PRECEDING YEAR.

SEVERAL MEMBERS OF OUR CLASS TOOK PART IN THE ATHLETIC PLAY, "THE HOO-DOO"; NAMELY, MARY DWYER, SHIRLEY MCCABE, AND PEARL HARRINGTON.

Rutland Historical Society and the Rutland Free Library.

SHIRLEY MCCABE AND PEARL HARRINGTON TOOK PART IN THE ANNUAL PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST WHICH WAS WON BY SHIRLEY MCCABE.

IN MAY, IRENE MCNAMARA, SHIRLEY MCCABE, MAY LINDBERG, AND PEARL HARRINGTON, ACCOMPANIED BY MISS BURNS, JOURNEYED TO BURLINGTON TO PARTICIPATE IN THE STATE FASHION CONTEST.

AFTER A FEW EXCITING DANCES AND BASEBALL GAMES, PREPARATION FOR GRADUATION EXERCISES AGAIN FILLED OUR DAYS. WE HELD OUR LAST CLASS FUNCTION TOGETHER IN THE FORM OF A PICNIC AND BID OUR FRIENDS FAREWELL FOR THE SUMMER.

1937-1938

IN THE FALL OF '37 WE WERE DETERMINED TO IMPRESS IT UPON ALL UNDERCLASSMEN THAT WE WERE NOW DIGNIFIED SENIORS. THE BOYS GOT OFF TO A FINE START IN FOOTBALL BY TYING WITH PROCTOR FOR THE MARBLE VALLEY LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP. THEY WERE CHOSEN TO PARTICIPATE IN THE BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT AND RICHARD BOWEN WOUND UP THE SEASON HAVING SCORED 324 POINTS.

THE GREEN AND GOLD WAS NOW THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE SENIORS. MARY DWYER WAS SELECTED EDITOR-IN-CHIEF WITH STEPHANIA SOBOTKA, ASSISTANT.

THE SENIORS TAKING PART IN THE "EDUCATING ESTYER", WERE SHIRLEY MCCABE, MARY DWYER, PEARL HARRINGTON, JAMES MCNEIL, AND PAUL CLODGO.

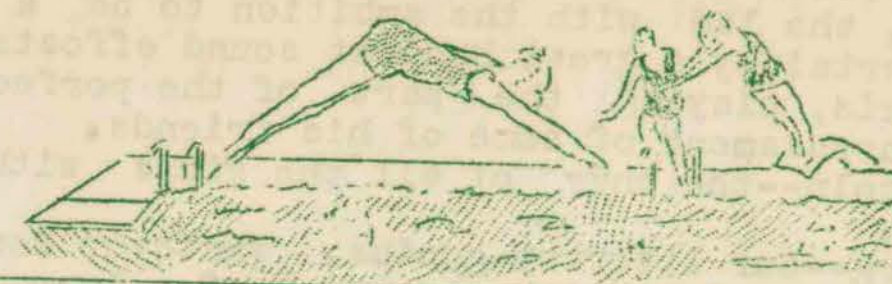
JEANNE LANTHIER, STEPHANIA SOBOTKA, IRENE MCNAMARA, MAY LINDBERG, PETER CZACHOR, AND JAMES KEARNEY—MEMBERS OF THE STAFF OF THE GREEN AND GOLD—AND MR. MOREY, ADVISER, ATTENDED THE STATE SCHOOL PAPER CONVENTION HELD AT THE FLEMING MUSEUM IN BURLINGTON.

THOSE WHO TOOK PART IN THE ANNUAL SENIOR PLAY WHICH PROVED A HUGE SUCCESS WERE MARY DWYER, SHIRLEY MCCABE, WM. HERBERT, CATHLEEN LANTHIER, PEARL HARRINGTON, THOMAS KEENAN, ANNA HINCKLEY JAMES MCNEIL, STEPHANIA SOBOTKA, AND PAUL CLODGO.

AND THESE LAST FEW WEEKS OF SCHOOL HAVE BEEN SO FILLED WITH ACTIVITIES THAT IT SEEMS BUT A SHORT TIME AGO THAT WE WERE WORRYING ABOUT MID-YEAR EXAMINATIONS. AS WE REVIEW ALL THE HOURS SPENT IN WHAT WE AT THE TIME CALLED WORK—STUDYING, PUBLISHING PAPERS, RECITATIONS, TRIMMING HALLS, PREPARING PLAYS—WE REALIZE THAT IT IS IN THAT WORK THAT WE TOOK THE PLEASURE. AND SO WE ARE REMINDED OF THE CLOSING WORDS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S ESSAY "EL DORADO"—"TO TRAVEL HOPEFULLY IS A BETTER THING THAN TO ARRIVE, AND THE TRUE SUCCESS IS TO LABOR."

Charles Brough
Pearl Harrington

PASTIMES



It is with a feeling of joy mingled with real regret that the members of the class of 1938 are about to become graduates of the West Rutland High School and join the ranks of the alumni.

To many of us, this means the ending of our school day, for others, it is but the beginning of a broader field of education but whatever course we choose, I know that all of us will, frequently, go back in spirit and relive the many hours we spent together during our four years of association.

As we recall our different classmates we will remember them by the little individualities which characterize each and every one of us. Who among us will not remember-----

John Ainos as the little boy from the "hill", always telling everybody how much he likes a certain freshman girl.

Leo Bartlett, the serious minded student who reached the goal of all commercial students--an A in bookkeeping.

Richard Bowen, who believes regular attendance at school to be a waste of time, but Rennie will always be remembered as our star athlete. Can't you see him scoring those necessary points?

Then there is Charles Brough, the boy who is forever doing a good turn for somebody. Keep it up, Charlie, and you are bound to succeed.

Jane Cijka--never quite satisfied, forever striving to perfect her English.

And Paul Clodgo who divides his time between worrying about his girl friend and joining the National Guard.

Peter Czachor, our orchestra leader who enjoys playing at the Polish Polkas. Maybe there is a reason. Who knows?

Anna Demsick, never at a loss for a pastime because of her neighbor, Charlie.

Mary Dwyer--who was always relating her adventures with the sandman to an envious group of girls. Remember, too, how Mary used to say, "I do love Miss Burns".

Pearl Harrington, usually winning amateur show and beautiful baby contests.

Patricia Heyman forever keeping her eye on that good looking truck driver who stops at the B.E.D.

Anna Hinckley always to be found waiting for that certain boy from the hill.

Charles Katowski, the lad who was constantly acting the part of a bully toward little Joe Laskis.

James Kearney, who did so much enjoy playing basketball. Then, too, remember how James would blush when the girls talked to him in the Press Room.

Thomas Keenan, always combing his hair in that striking manner so Irene couldn't help noticing him.

Jeanne Lanthier, the girl who indulged so often in dreaming. You never did tell us about that certain dream you had, did you Jeanne.

Tina Lanfear, the envy of her girl friends because she was considered "the belle of the ball" at the North Clarendon hops.

Duane Lang, the lad with the ambition to be a radio announcer. ~~You~~ are certainly a great hand at sound effects, Duane.

Joseph Laskis, playing the part of the perfect gentleman, much to the embarrassment of some of his friends.

Roland Lincoln--the envy of all the girls with that school-girl complexion.

May Lindberg--our literary genius. Whatever would have become of The Green and Gold without you, May? Keep up the good work, and you'll soon be on the road to success.

Ethel McCabe who believes in advertising "Bove Wholesalers"!

Shirley McCabe, living the life of a sailor with a heart throb in every class.

Irene McNamara so busy keeping track of her dates.

James McNeil, the boy who was always thinking up some clever remark to spring on the teachers, to say nothing of his histrionic ability. Better take your hatchet along, Jimmy, when you go looking for a job as an actor.

Mary Orzell's favorite pastime seems to be pumping gas or selling vegetables at the "Bird's Eye Service Station".

Then there is Vanessa Petter who seems to be leading a sort of double life--so very bashful in school, but did you ever see her with that certain boy? It's only a bluff, Vanessa.

Stephanie Sobotka--our valedictorian. Examinations held no terrors for "Stephie". If only she could have disseminated some of her knowledge to the rest of us, what a difference the results might have been.

John Smyrski's chief occupation seems to be driving his father's truck.

Florence Taggart does enjoy spending her evenings in W.R. It's a good thing he works in the same block. Florence, whatever would the girls have done without William Valach to take them around in his V-8? That was Bill's favorite pastime.

Will you ever forget Donald Wood's burst of hilarious laughter? Don's unique laugh has certainly made him famous.

And last of all is your truly. If you ever do happen to remember me, just recall the words of the poet--

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these--it might have been."

-William Hobert-

Class of 1938

PROPHECY



By dint of much casting of the mind backwards into the past four years and onward into the next ten or twenty I would say that---

May Lindberg will be a hair stylist in Hollywood. "Wajken" will specialize in designing toupees for bald-headed movie directors.

Stephanie Sobotka will be a very efficient nurse, but she will always be concealing a secret longing for the stage. Stephie's yearning to become an actress began back in W.R.H.S. when she acted the part of the negro maid in the Senior Play.

If we can judge by Mary Dwyer's love for all teachers she will adopt the noble profession of teaching. Then Mary will have those summer vacations. She never could understand how anyone could take up a profession that didn't provide for a summer vacation.

Anna Hinckley shows all indications of becoming a very successful opera singer. Remember back in high school when Anna would get excused from civics class to sing duets with her little sister over W.S.Y.P.?

Tina Lanfear will be a happily married woman managing a large farm in Clarendon. Tina will still be the belle of all the chicken hops in the "Old Cheese Factory".

Mary Orzell will be a competent secretary for some great businessman. Even back in high school Mary always had the makings of a good secretary. Whatever you do, Mary, don't start making eyes at your boss.

Irene McNamara will be a car saleswoman, demonstrating the latest model to all the young men. Irene got her experience while in high school where she tried out all the cars. She is especially acquainted with the mechanism of the Ford.

Anna Domsick will be found in the Sherlock Holmes investigation bureau as the greatest woman detective in the world. Just imagine getting paid for noticing things, Anna.

In "The Bird's Eye Diner", situated on the main street of Castleton, Vermont we will find "Pat" Heyman being the perfect hostess to all of her customers. On account of her pleasant personality "Pat" will do a thriving business. In high school she always showed a great interest in "The Diner". There must have been something (or somebody) that attracted "Pat".

Jane Cijka's occupation will be a bit unusual, she will satisfy that desire that she has always harbored. She will be a mail carrier. Jane always seemed to like anything connected with post offices.

We will find Shirley McCabe following closely behind Martha Ray in rank as a comedienne. Shiroey is the girl that rolled them in the aisles in West Rutland.

Florence Taggart will run a large drug store. Later on she may even go into partnership with one of her colleague pharmacists. Florence says that there will always be a large supply of Vicks on hand.

Ethel McCabe will live a life of leisure. In her de luxe trailer, attached to the back of her husband's green truck, Ethel will accompany him on his business trips.

We always knew that Pearl Harrington would be a great surgeon. "Pearl" will be the envy of all other surgeons because of her ability to sooth her patients with her melodious voice. You can trust Pearl to always have that spoon handy.

Vannessa Potter will float through the air on her flying trapeze. Her partner will be none other than that boy from the hill who was always able to reach her house with a skip and a jump.

Johnny Aines and Joe Laskis will be managers of a Bureau for Escorts, employing Paul Clodgo as their chief "Romeo". Johnny and Joe can handle the financial affairs, and Paul has that certain way with the woman, you know.

Leo Bartlett will be a professor of one of those new tangled baseball schools. He got his start as an outfielder at dear old Westside.

Roland Lincoln will, in all probability, uphold the tradition of the "farming Lincolns".

Rennie Bowen will be seen in the movies as Tarzan. He will be a box office hit because of his good looks and marvelous physique. But don't let them kid you. Rennie, you have something there.

Tom Keenan will be the future mayor of Clarendon. He owes his political career to Miss Hinchey's Civics Class.

Willie Hebert will be the new world's champion typist. But if he wins many more medals he will have to take lessons from Charlie Atlas to learn how to grow enough chest on which to display his awards.

Philbert Kearney will teach that noble subject, chemistry, that is, if he hasn't blown himself up, beforehand while performing some of his unique experiments.

Charlie Katowski will be undoubtly a standin for Robert Taylor. You know--tall, dark, and handsome.

The successor to Jimmy Fidler will be none other than Don Woods. D. J. always did have a knack of getting the goods on someone.

The new Professor of Economics at Sodem Business College will be none other than John Smyrski.

Bill Valach will be a bookkeeper for the Combination Cash Store. I guess working all summer on your practice set wasn't in vain after all, Bill.

Jimmy McNeil appears to have his heart set on becoming a barker in a side show. He may be heard practicing almost any time during English period when Miss Burns is not present.

We see a bright future ahead for Charlie Brough as a writer of comedies, consequently, he is also quite an illustrator. If you don't think so, ask some of the underclassmen who bought his books.

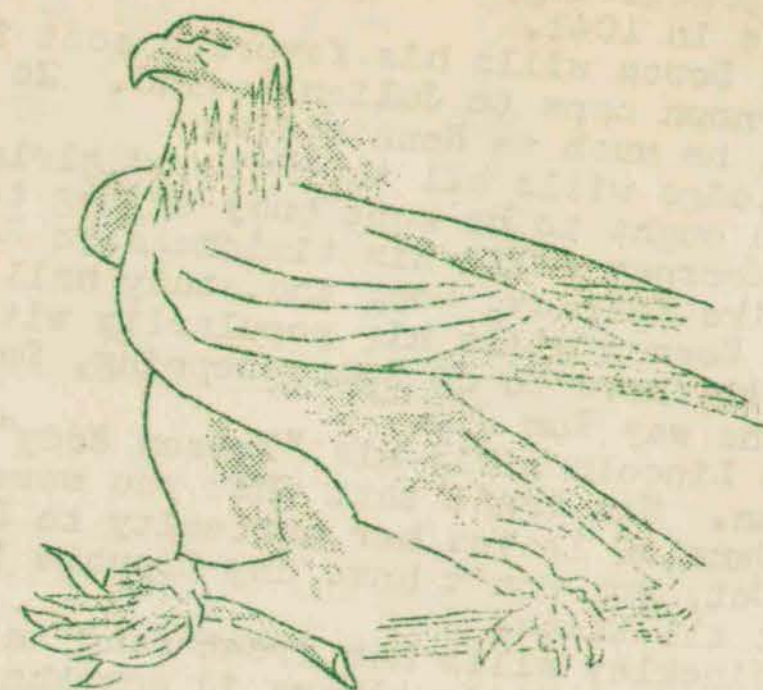
Peter Czachor will be an outstanding musician and statesman--a second Paderewski.

Jeanne Lanthier will be the head of a Bureau of Escorts. Jeanne is trying to show her friends of W.R.H.S. that their calling her a manhater was not a truth but being the most sought-after by the young man.

Duane Lang will be a sound effect man in Radio City. We hope that he will be more on time than he was when he came to school.

-Jeanne Lanthier
-Duane Lang

CLASS WILL



We, the class of 1938, being of sound and sane mind do hereby make, and publish, and declare this our last will and testament.

Mary Dwyer leave Mr. Zawistowski in the care of Patricia Labelle. Mary hopes you'll take good care of him, "Sis".

Joe Laskis leaves "his way with the women" to Yohan Pomykato. This is not to be used alone on Annette.

Pearl Harrington leaves a standing invitation to all the boys to come out and see her sometime.

Peter Czachor leaves all the sophomore girls to next year's senior boys.

May Lindberg leaves a special notice to Mr. Hinchey that her name is not "Red".

Don Woods decided after many tears to leave his pet laugh to Mr. Morey.

Pat Hoyman, after much pondering, wills the remains of her noon lunches to next year's gang from Castleton.

Charlie Katowski wills his "Robert Taylor" profile to Danny Myers.

Jeanne Lanthier leaves a little bit of her man hatred to Polly Orzell.

Jimmy McNeil leaves his ability to make Miss Hinchey laugh to "Tuffy" Rostkowski. "Tuffy" always seemed to be following in Jimmy's steps.

Ethel McCabe leaves her address to Robert McClure. Only she says to come on any night but Sunday.

Jane Cijka wills to Jane Magner her girlishness; she hopes Jane won't think she's a sissy.

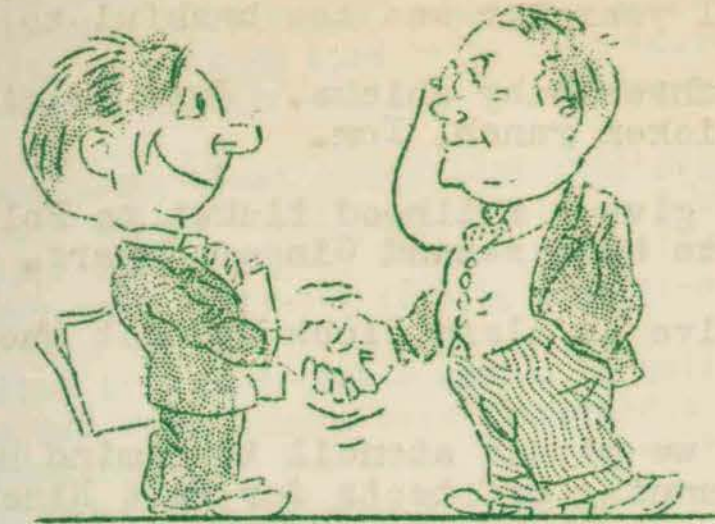
Bill Hebert leaves his title "The littlest man on the basketball team" to Zoe Barewicz.

"Red" Lang wills his bountiful crop of red hair to Mr. Morey, and his freckles to Mr. Sevigney.

Bill Valach leaves his wealth and riches to Bob McNamara, just to keep in good with the family, you know.

John Smyrski leaves his bashfulness to Charlie Genevasi; not that he thinks that Charlie needs it.

PRESENTATIONS



John Aines always disliked reading novels for book reports; so we give him a set of big little books, the perfect type of literature for Johnnie.

To Leo Bartlett we give a Chevrolet sedan to remind him of the good times he had in one.

To Richard Bowen we give a basketball to remind him of all the points he made during his senior year.

To Charles Brough--a picture of Charlie McCarthy. Charlie's middle name is McCarthy, and he is proud of it!

To Jane Cijka we give a package of letters so that she can play her favorite game--postoffice. Jane's an expert at this game.

To Paul Clodgo we give a bottle opener to carry around in his pocket. Paul always enjoyed opening things.

To Peter Czachor we give a box of tacks. If Pete was anywhere in the neighborhood, it was wise to look before you sat.

To Anna Demsick, a pair of sunglasses so that the cruel rays of the sun won't hurt her remarkable eyes.

To Mary Dwyer we give an algebra book to remind her of Joe Bailey. Mary always did enjoy the algebra class.

To Pearl Harrington we give a parrot so that she will have somebody to talk to on rainy nights.

To William Hebert we give a pail of suckers to give to the grammar school kids so they will let him play on their baseball team.

To Patricia Heyman we give a mirror so she won't have to take the one in the girl's lavatory with her when she leaves.

To Anna Hinckley we give a True Story Magazine. They really are not as bad as you think they are, Anna.

John Aines wills his place on Ross Street to Bob Prenevo. You've been waiting for this chance, haven't you, Bob.

Leo Bartlett wills his ability to amuse the senior girls to "Red" Sutkowski. Now, "Red" you ought not to have any trouble in amusing the senior girls next year.

Charles Brough wills his artistic talent to his brother, John. If you keep practicing, John, the Green and Gold ought to be a great success in 1941.

Richard Bowen wills his favorite seat in the study hall for taking afternoon naps to Julian Levine. We hope that you enjoy them, Julie, as much as Rennie did.

Paul Clodgo wills all the Rutland girls he ever met to Earle Bishop. You ought to be kept busy trying to satisfy them, Earl.

James Kearney wills his timidity to Robert Ansheles. If you were more like Kearney, Bob, the study hall would be a lot quieter.

Thomas Keenan wills his popularity with the girls to Danny Myers. You'll have to do some stepping, Danny, if you want to keep them the way Tom did.

Roland Lincoln wills his "Nelson Eddy" like appearance to Owen Johnston. Now isn't that what you were waiting for, Owen.

Anna Demsick leaves her curiosity to Dot Heyman. If you follow Anna, Dot, you won't have any trouble in finding out what is going on at all times.

Anna Hinckley wills her front seat in Hugh Royce's car to Mildred Anderson. Milly always id say that she liked a "Chevy" better.

Tina Lanfear wills her studious nature to Patricia McCormack. Keep it up, Patricia, and you may be just as successful as Tina was.

Shirley McCabe wills her smile and laugh to Elizabeth Haynes. Remember, Libby, how Shirley got along with her smile.

Irene McNamara wills her curly eyelashes to Mary Tifft. Mary you ought to be kept busy curling them the way Irene did.

Mary Orzell wills her position on the basketball team to her sister, Polly. You'll have to try hard, Polly, to try fill the position held by your sister.

Stephanie Sobotka wills all that she learned in West Rutland High School to her brother, Stanley. That ought to help you along Stan.

Florence Taggart wills her personality to her brother, Walt. Follow your sister, Walt, and you will have no trouble in keeping friends.

Vannessa Potter leaves her job as Mr. Morey's secretary to Sister Fitzsimmons. We hope you do it as well as Vannessa did.

Signed this day, the 16th of June, 1938

Shirley McCabe County of Rutland
State of Vermont

Peter Czachor County of Rutland
State of Vermont

To Charles Katonski we give a mask with which to cover his face so the girls won't mob him when he is a famous movie actor.

To James Kearney we give these kisses that Jeanne Lanthier had promised to him all year but was too bashful to deliver in person.

To Thomas Keenan, three baby chicks. Just to give you and Irene a start on your chicken ranch, Tom.

To Tina Lanfear we give a railroad ticket to Hollywood. Tina's great ambition is to be a second Ginger Rogers.

To Duane Lang we give an alarm clock so that wherever he works he will be on time.

To Jeanne Lanthier we give a stencil to remind her of the classes she missed while running off tests for Miss Hinchey.

To May Lindberg we give a pair of seven league boots. If you've ever walked up Durgy Hill, you'll know why.

To Joseph Laskis we give a straw hat so he won't get sunburned when he works on the farm this summer.

To Roland Lincoln we give a jar of cold cream to preserve his schoolgirl complexion.

To Ethel McCabe we give a big green truck. The one we see in her back yard must be nearly worn out by now.

To Shirley McCabe we give a package of spaghetti so that she can treat Mike to one of those delicious spaghetti dinners she always raved about.

To Irene McNamara we give a "Do Not Disturb" sign to hang on her door when Tom comes to see her.

To James McNeil we give a book of magic to increase his knowledge of the black arts.

To Mary Orzell we give a compact so she will stop worrying about her nose being shiny.

To Vannessa Potter we give a Rolls Royce to remind her of that certain boy from the hill.

To Stephania Sobotka we give a medal for being the smartest girl in the senior class.

To John Smyrski we give a box of rouge so he won't ever lose his rosy cheeks.

To Florence Taggart we give a box of Vicks to remind her of the clerk in the drugstore.

To William Valach we give a beautiful young lady to share his much talked of Ford.

To Donald Woods we give a package of Bull Durham. Now that Don has graduated he won't have to sneak out behind the school to smoke any more.

A SENIOR'S VIEWS ON GRADUATION

I have a queer feeling way down deep inside,
And I swagger a bit--just a gesture of pride.
Guess its gone to my head, this long 'waited event;
Yes, an alka seltzer would be heaven-sent.

The complaints about school that I've often heard stated:
"It's all wasted time; good grief how I hate it",
And other such thoughts I have frequently shared,
I'd have said it myself if only I'd dared.

How often I've felt that I wanted to quit,
Unless our long lessons were slackened a bit;
Yet thinking again how these four years have flown,
I'm reminded of pleasures and joys I have known.

And so as the old Village Smithy once did,
(For I once read about him when I was a kid)
I wipe a stray gently out of my eye,
Now that it is time for us to say good-bye.

Ray Lindberg
Class of '39

CLASS SONG



Though we've reached the goals of our past four years,
We breathe our farewells with a sigh,
And as the time of parting nears
With sorrowful hearts we say good-bye.

CHORUS

Farewell, farewell, to our high school days,
In our memories when we've grown old
Will live ideals we learned to praise
'Neath your banner of Green and Gold.
To our friends we bid a fond adieu
As the parting of ways draws nigh,
We give a last salute to you,
Our beloved West Rutland High!

As we leave these halls where we've worked and played,
We know that we shall often yearn,
To see these friends that we have made
And wish our school days could return.

Words: Mary Dwyer
Music: Peter Czachor

CLASS POEM



We who so gaily have traveled together
Now come all too soon to the parting of ways;
Not mindful of storm or discouraging weather,
Our friendship has helped us through many long days.

We have thirstily stopped at each fountain of learning,
And tried to partake of all offered us there.
We have all done our best to keep friendship's light burning
And make every step of the journey more fair.

We have roamed hand in hand o'er the long winding trail,
Ever seeking to look on life's rosier side,
Each task set before us we've tried not to fail,
As we wish to remember our school days with pride.

The road which we've traveled is no longer in view,
And we realize now that our journey is done,
As we bid fond adieus to each comrade so true
At the myriad by-ways which beckon each one.

As we walk one by one 'long the pathways of time
Let us not have a feeling we've broken the tie
But remain in that spirit of friendship sublime,
Still one loyal class of West Rutland High.

May Lindberg

- W. R. H. S. -

1938

WAVE



NEWS



The May Dance which was held the 12th in the high school gym proved to be the greatest social success thus far. The Senior Class decorated the gym with apple blossoms and their class colors of blue and gold, were used.

Mr. Martin's melodious orchestra furnished inspiring music and many a dancer went to town. Miss Jean Hinchey, added much color to the evening's entertainment by singing several numbers.

The highlights of the evening were: The Big Apple and Paul Jones. Many other square and ballroom dances were enjoyed by all.

The annual Senior Play entitled "A Ready Made Family" which was held May 16 proved to be a huge success. Those who took part in the performance were: Mary Dwyer, Shirley McCabe, William Herbert, Cathleen Lanthier, Pearl Harrington, Thomas Keenan, Anna Hinckley, James McNeil, Stephania Sobotka, and Paul Clodgo.

TYPEWRITING AWARDS

September--Donald Woods, 32 words per minute

October--Lorraine Bishop, 32 words per minute

November--William Corey, 31 words per minute

Mildred Laplaca, 33 words per minute

Florence Taggart, 34 words per minute

December--Anna Demsick, 30 words per minute

Annette Leonard, 30 words per minute

February--Tina Lanfear--41 words per minute

Vannessa Potter, 33 words per minute

March--Shirley Gilmore, 40 words per minute

Joseph Morowski, 30 words per minute

John Pomykato, 31 words per minute

Henry Sutkowski, 31 words per minute

SHORTLAND AWARDS

January--Tina Lanfear, Complete Theory Certificate

April--O.G.A. Membership Certificates:

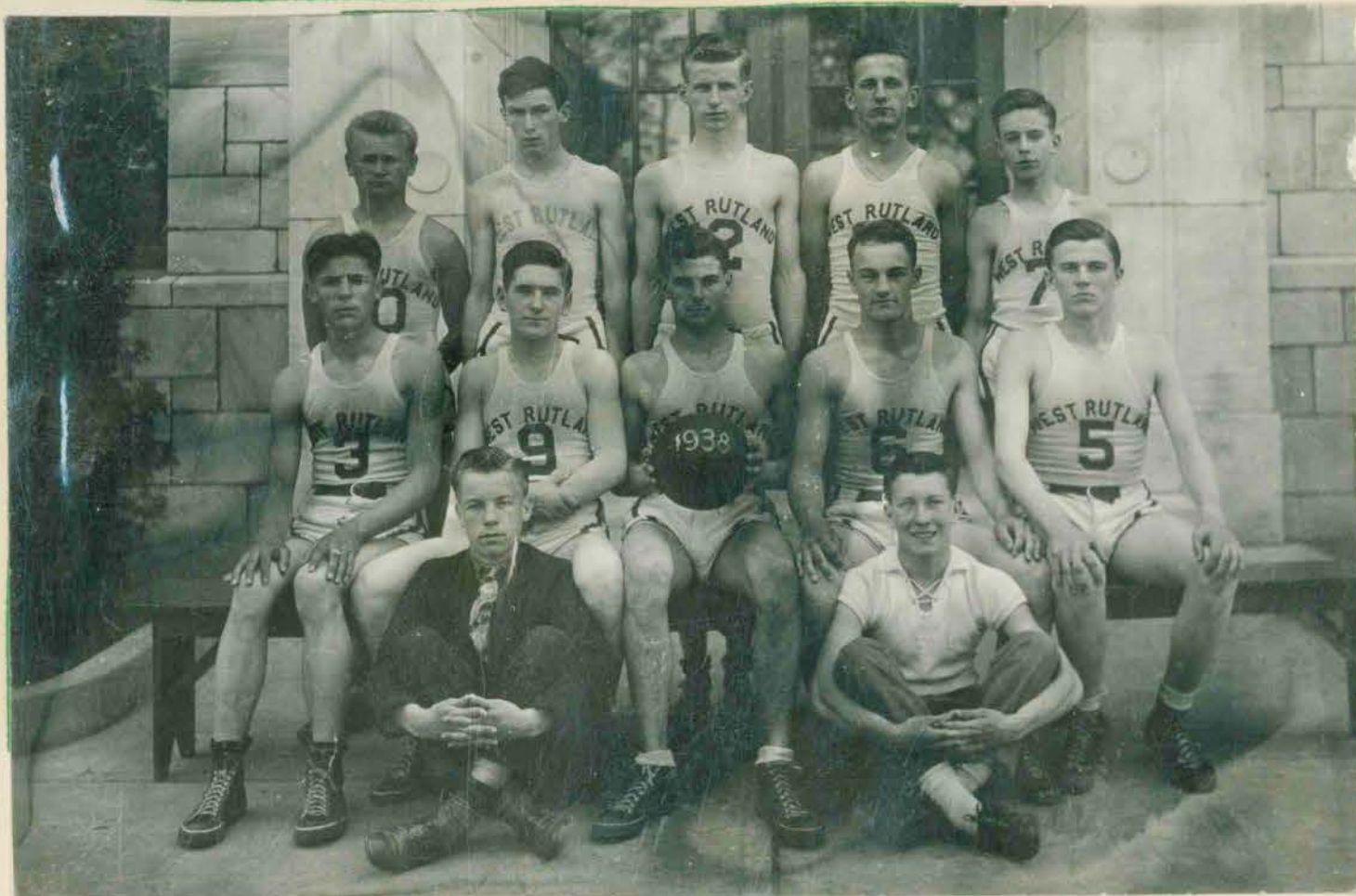
Joseph Barewicz
Lorraine Bishop
Jane Cijka
Paul Clodgo
Fern Eno
Catherine Gray
Alba Lincoln
Shirley McCabe
Joseph Morowski
Helen Mulberry
Florence Mulcahey
John Pomykato
Vannessa Potter
Florence Ryan
Louis Smyrski
Florence Taggart
Mary Tifft

In this group, Joseph Morowski received a gold pin as a prize for the best paper submitted in this year's O.G.A. club.

(April typewriting tests and mid-year Penmanship tests have not been submitted for awards yet.)

-Pearl Harrington-

Class of '38



— 1938 —

Barewicz, Kearney, Keenan, Pomykato, Hebert, Katomski,
Levine, Bowen, Bloomer, Bishop; Managers, Anderson and McNeil

BASKETBALL RESULTS

West. Rutland		Opponent
57	Wallingford	26
28	Bennington	30
24	Fair Haven	26
23	Proctor	32
31	Mt. St. Joseph	32
43	Hartford	35
20	Bennington	34
16	Brandon	24
72	Burr Burton	27
36	Wallingford	13
15	Ludlow	25
30	Mt. St. Joseph	26
28	Spaulding	45
31	Pittsford	18
41	Poultney	23
24	Pittsford	19
16	Rutland	28
27	Newburyport	25
30	Proctor	34

Tournament.

10	Springfield	26
----	-------------	----



— 1938 —

MCCORMACK, DZIUBEK, MACIAG, JARROSIK, MCNEIL, BROUGH, ZAGROBA, TUOHY, JOHNSTON, BAKER, CZACHOR, ANDERSON, BRUNO, SMYRSKI, BAGDEWICZ, SUTKOSKI, LEVINE, BAREWICZ, ROSTKOWSKI, WRIGHT, KEENAN, KATOMSKI, POMYKATO, CLODGO, BOWEN, LASKIS, MOROWSKI, BISHOP; MANAGER, HEBERT.

FOOTBALL RESULTS

WEST RUTLAND

13
26
0
13
0
7
47

106

POULTNEY
BRANDON
PROCTOR
FAIR HAVEN
MT. ST. JOSEPH
RUTLAND
PITTSFORD

OPPONENT

0
0
20
0
0
20
0

40

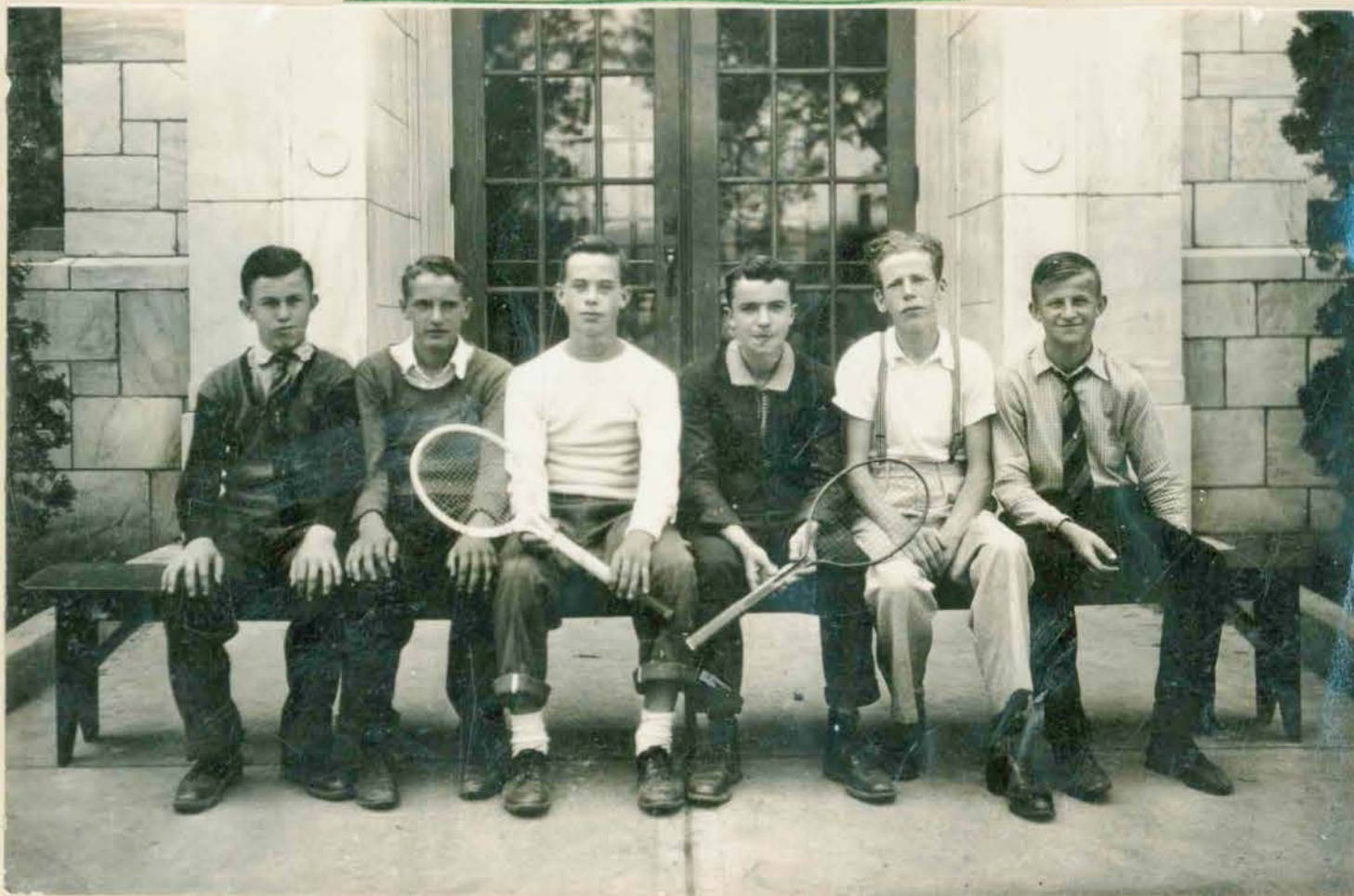


— 1938 —

Manager McNeil, Bruno, Piechota, Levine, Bartlett, McCormack, Genevasi, Baker, Coach Zowistoski, Barewicz, Tuohy, Wright, Bishop, Bloomer, Anderson, Jarrosiak, Fredette, Manager Poplaski.

BASEBALL RESULTS

West Rutland		Opponent
1	Fair Haven	3
3	Middlebury	2
3	Proctor	7
5	Mt. St. Joseph	4
2	Pittsford	1
7	Rutland	16
14	Burr Burton	2
7	Ludlow	8
2	Hartford	6
5	Mt. St. Joseph	8
3	Rutland	6
4	Poultney	25
Sat. June 11	Hartford at West Rutland	



1938

Ansheles, Thornton, Woods, McCormack, Wysolmerski, Corey, Warzocha

TENNIS RESULTS

West Rutland

1
2
2
2
3
1

Rutland
Proctor
Fair Haven
Rutland
Proctor
Fair Haven

Opponents

6
5
5
4
4
6

Leonard, Orzell, Mulcahey, M. Dwyer, S. McCabe, Harrington, B. Dwyer,
Anderson, F. Wagner, McCormack, J. Wagner, Lincoln, Eno, E. McCabe.

GIRLS BASKETBALL RESULTS

West Rutland

18
14
10
13
11
16

Wallingford
Brandon
Pittsford
Fair Haven
Burr Burton
Brandon

Opponent

37
37
12
15
7
17

== W.R.H.S. ==



== 1938 ==

CLASS OF 1938

Most Studious-----	Roland Lincoln	Tina Lanfear
Most Dignified----	John Smyrski	Stephania Sobotka
Class Pest-----	Donald Woods	Pearl Harrington
Neatest-----	John Smyrski	Jeanne Lanthier
Smartest-----	Peter Czachor	Stephania Sobotka
Cleverest-----	Charles Brough	May Lindberg
Class Sheik-----	James McNeil	
Class Flapper----		Shirley McCabe
Quietest-----	John Smyrski	Vannessa Potter
Noisiest-----	Donald Woods	Mary Dwyer
Tallest-----	Thomas Keenan	May Lindberg
Shortest-----	John Aines	Ethel McCabe
Fattest-----	Roland Lincoln	Mary Dwyer
Best Looking-----	Richard Bowen	Mary Orzell
Cutest-----	Duane Lang	Anna Hinckley
Truest Irishman--	James McNeil	Mary Dwyer
Man Hater-----		Jeanne Lanthier
Woman Hater-----	James Kearney	
Most Shy-----	James Kearney	Vannessa Potter
Best Dancer-----	Thomas Keenan	Shirley McCabe
Best Dressed-----	John Smyrski	Ethel McCabe
Most Businesslike	Peter Czachor	Mary Dwyer
Best Athlete-----	Richard Bowen	Mary Dwyer
Most Popular-----	Joseph Laskis	Mary Dwyer
Most Romantic----	William Valach	Pearl Harrington
Most Pleasing		
Personality	Joseph Laskis	Mary Orzell
Greatest Joker---	Joseph Laskis	Pearl Harrington
Best Actor-----	Thomas Keenan	
Best Actress-----		Shirley McCabe
Most Cheerful----	Joseph Laskis	Mary Orzell
Most Careless----	Richard Bowen	Patricia Heyman
Peppiest-----	James McNeil	
	Joseph Laskis	Pearl Harrington
Laziest-----	Richard Bowen	Shirley McCabe
Best Built-----	Charles Katowski	Irene McNamara
Most Optimistic--	Charles Brough	Anna Hinckley
Best Liked-----	Joseph Laskis	Mary Orzell
Slimmest-----	James Kearney	Ethel McCabe
Silliest-----	Donald Woods	Anna Hinckley
Best Natured-----	Roland Lincoln	Mary Orzell
Most Sarcastic---	Donald Woods	
	John Aines	Anna Hinckley
Most Serene-----	William Valach	Vannessa Potter
Quickest Tempered	Duane Lang	Anna Hinckley
Most Modest-----	Roland Lincoln	Jeanne Lanthier

EXCHANGE



"The Green and Gold" again greets our exchanges. With intense pleasure we have looked forward to receiving---

"The Slate", an excellent magazine, published by the students of Fair Haven High School in Vermont. Its joke department delighted and amused us with its many humorous expressions and nonsense such as--"The girl who smiles when everything is dead wrong is usually the one with the pretty teeth." and "This is the nuts," said the illiterate squirrel as he dug up his winter's food supply."

The Latin and French departments also interested us greatly.

"The Dial" published by the students of Brattleboro High School in Brattleboro, Vermont. Each time we receive this excellent magazine we are inspired by its marvelous poetry containing such original similes, for instance, this one: "As stealthily as a moonbeam, spring tiptoes in, ashamed and afraid that someone will chastise her for her late hours."

This magazine contains such superior work, it surely should be placed as one of the best of our exchanges.

"The Campus Yankee" published by the students of Canaan High School in Canaan, Vermont. If you are feeling dull there's one thing that will raise your spirits--the colorful purple and yellow Easter edition of "The Campus Yankee". We quote from one of its editorials entitled "Friendship": "Friendship is the broad of happiness, the demons of despair and loneliness." A very good motto for us all to keep in mind!

"N.T.H.S. Review" published by the students of North Tonawanda High School in North Tonawanda, New York. This magazine contains more humorous material than literature but we enjoyed it immensely. From their joke column we take the following:

"Mary had a bathing suit

The latest style no doubt,
And when she got inside it; she

Was more than half way out."

We also select these: "Signs Seen Around Town"--Placard at a moving picture show: 'Young children must have parents.' In a barber shop window: 'During alternations, patrons will be shaved in the back.'

-Jeanne Lanthier-
Class of 1938

EDUCATION

Have you ever thought of splendid educational opportunities which we have. Some of the students evidently don't appreciate these advantages because now and then one hears them remark that they aren't coming back to school next year. They have no reason for this assertion except that they "don't feel like it".

If you talk to any of the students who never attended high school or to those who quit in their first or second year, you will find that the majority of them deeply regret not having finished their high school course.

There are a few perhaps who are satisfied with what they have made of their lives without the help of an education, but they are in the minority. Even some of these admit that their chances for advancement would have been greater if they had a better education than that with which grammar school furnished them.

Of course, if you graduate from high school, it does not necessarily follow that you know everything and do not need any more education. But at least sometimes you are better equipped to make your way in life than you were when you entered high school.

There are, to be sure, other circumstances which make it necessary for some of the students to drop out of school. One of these is that family may have financial difficulties and wish the student to lend his aid.

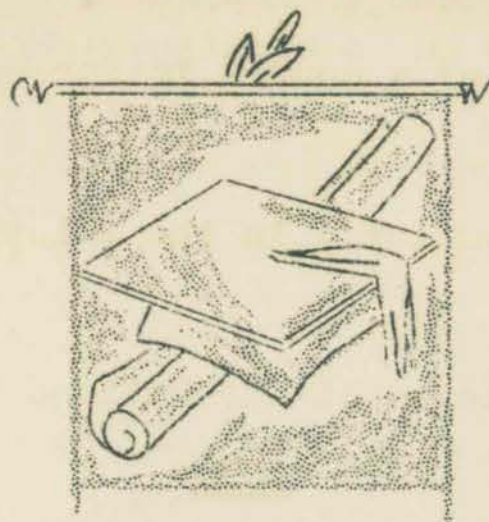
If there is any other course which could possibly be followed rather than that of having the student leave school, it would be advisable in most cases to follow it because the student would be better equipped to aid the family if he had a high school diploma.

Unfortunately we have not yet reached the era when a college education is within everyone's grasp. However, if it is within our means to go to college we should try to obtain a college diploma with half the alphabet after our names. The more education we have, the better are our chances of succeeding in life.

--Theresa Battles--

Class of '40

ALUMNI



1937

Cecelia Mulcahey is taking a course in nurses' training at King's County Hospital, N.Y.

Samuel Levine is attending the University of Vermont.

Mary Wagner is attending St. Rose College, Albany, N.Y.

Mary Kearney is a Freshman at Trinity College, Burlington.

Stephania Grabowski is employed as clerk in Newberry's Store, Rutland.

Bernice Could is employed in the Birdseye Diner, Castleton.

1936

Robert Hebert is attending St. Michael's College, Winooski.

Doris Lanthier is attending Castleton Normal School.

Donald Kelley is employed as usher in the Paramount Theatre.

John Rice is attending Middlebury College.

Lilly Lindberg is a member of the Nurses' Training class at the Bishop de Gosbriand Hospital in Burlington.

1935

Elsa Anderson is training to be a nurse at Mary Fletcher Hospital, Burlington.

Margaret Bliss is attending the University of Vermont.

George Harrington is attending Castleton Normal School.

Aaron Levine is attending the University of Vermont.

Mary Haynos has employment in New York.

Agnes O'Rourke is taking a course in Nurses' Training at the Rutland Hospital.

Bernadette Fields is employed in the Telephone Office in West Rutland.

Alex Sherwoski is employed at the Rutland Cleaners and Dyers.

1934

Melville Wolinsky is attending the University of Vermont.

1932

David Haynes is employed at Swift and Company, Rutland.

1931

Elizabeth McLaughlin is a teacher at the Whipple Hollow School.

Victor Sevigney is employed at Humphrey's Drug Store.

Irene McNamara

Class of '38



Teacher: "Isadore, why is your essay only a half page long? Most of the others wrote eight or nine pages."

Isadore: "Oh, teacher, I wrote about condensed milk!"

Mr. Sevigny: "What is a circle?"

Eddy: "A circle is a bow-legged square."

Bunny Murphy: "E v e r y t h i n g is wrong. I think I'll tie a piece of meat to every paper we print."

Charlie Corey: "Meat? What for?"

Murphy: "We;;, if the Green and Gold is going to the dogs, we've got to cater to them."

Jones: "I hear you have a swell job as a doorman at an exclusive club. How do you like it?"

Smith: "Oh, I lost the job."

Jones: "You did? How did it come about?"

Smith: "Well, one day when I ran to open a cab door I tripped, and the manager said, 'Hey, you can't do that, people will think you are a member! You are fired!'"

Pat was leading a group of sight-seers through the Irish section of Brooklyn.

One of the group asked: "Where do all the Murphys come from?"

Pat pointed to a large building across the street over the entrance of which was a sign:

"Murphy Manufacturing Company",

Clerk (to small boy who is having trouble in making a decision as to what he wants to buy): "Do you want to buy the world with a fence around it for a penny?"

Small boy: "Let's see it."

Mike: "I hear your dog is very intelligent."

Pat: "Sure, and he is that. Just the other day our house caught fire; everything was in confusion, and one of the children was left in the house. Up jumped our dog, and rushed into the blazing building. Out he came with the child. But he turned and ran back into the house. Why? No one knew. But out he came--scorched and burned with what do ye think--the fire insurance policy, wrapped in a damped cloth!"

He: "What is the last word in airplanes?"

She: "I don't know. What is?"

He: "Jump."

Bill: "I've been getting threatening letters through the mail; isn't there a law against that?"

Will: "Sure there is. There is a long sentence term for violators. Have you any idea who is sending you the letters?"

Bill: "Sure! The income tax collector."

Librarian: "Here is a book you should read. The name of it is 'Little Men'."

Rogers: "Say, that's the book I want. I always did like to read about midgets!"

Piontek: "Those roosters of yours are lazy-looking."

Sobotka: "Say, those roosters are so lazy they wait for an outside rooster to crow, and then they nod their heads and say, 'ditto'."

Bob Bloomer: "I don't approve of panhandlers begging in the streets."

Earle Bishop: "What do you expect of guy to do if he wants a cup of coffee--open up an office?"

A. Day: "What kind of a pie is that?"

M. Rice: "That's cocoanut."

A. Day: "What is the big lump in the middle?"

M. Rice: "Oh, that's the cocoa-nut. Maybe I should have taken the shell off before I cooked it."

Nit: "Say, she's so homely she has a job making business for the railroads."

Wit: "How is that?"

Nit: "One look at her and you want to leave town!"

Dum: "I had a riding club all summer. It just closed. Fifty-two Scotchmen belonged to it."

Bum: "Why did it close? Lack of money?"

Dum: "Oh, no. The horse died."

A shell had struck a near-by trench, and one of the doughboys exclaimed:

"My golly! That shell hit in Haner's hole."

Just then a panting voice spoke up from behind, saying:

"But, by golly, Haner wasn't home!"

A lady went into a store to buy a cap for her son. She took it home with the understanding that if the size was not right she could exchange it. The next day a small boy entered the store with the cap and a note which read:

"Please, the cap I bought for Harold was too small. Will you please give him one the right size as he has his head with him."

A man who had been knocked down by an automobile was being helped to his feet by an officer.

"Did you get the number of the car?" asked the policeman.

"No," was the reply.

"Could you swear to the driver?"

The injured one spit out a few teeth and said: "I did, but I don't think he heard me."

Knock at the door. Wife goes to the door, opens it, looks out.

"Who's there?"

Drunken voice: "I've got Ben. He's drunk again."

Wife: "Are you sure?"

Drunken voice: "Kinda. He's been carrying a manhole cover around with him for a half hour and he swears he's going to play it on the phonograph!"

Clodgo: "Is McNamara tight?"

Levine: "Is McNamara tight? Say, he's so tight that every time he takes a penny out of his pocket the Indian blinks at the light!"

A little bit surely goes a long ways!" said the keeper, as he stuffed the giraffe's mouth with hay.

Edward Baumgardner, '40

VACATION!

SWIMMING!

TENNIS!

Fishing! Hunting! Boating!

from the CLOTHES and the FOOTWEAR to BOATS, MOTORS and BIKES,
Wilson's can show you every item for summer sports.

——— *A Thrifty Store*

Carbine Clothing Co.

Has a fine reputation for fitting
out Graduation Classes in
past years.

We will not disappoint you this year.

See us for that outfit.

CARBINE CLOTHING COMPANY

McAuliffe Paper Company, Inc.

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PAPER . STATIONERY . BOOKS
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Twine . . Paper Specialties . . Notions
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Sal Mirti's Barber Shop

MARBLE STREET

Compliments of

ARTHUR F. HEBERT

Compliments of
**PARAMOUNT
BEAUTY SHOP**

35-35½ Center Street

PHONE 2507

RUTLAND - - - VERMONT

Compliments of
**Rutland County
Publishing Company**

FAIR HAVEN - - VERMONT

Compliments of
**Kenny's
Creamery**

J. M. LaBELLE

FRUITS

MEATS

FISH

GROCERIES

Marble Street

West Rutland, Vt.

DRUGS

DEVOE PAINT

H. W. HUMPHREYS

WALL PAPER

GLASS

Compliments of
Frank Patten

Compliments of
**FRYZEL'S
BARBER SHOP**
MARBLE STREET

Compliments of
DAVE ROSEN
CLASS OF '27

Compliments of
A FRIEND

PAUL'S

54 Center Street

Rutland, Vt.

Will give you the most satisfactory service in
DRY CLEANING, PRESSING AND ALTERATION OF YOUR CLOTHES
WATCH FOR OUR TRUCK EVERY
TUESDAY AND THURSDAY

Established 1910

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QUALITY MEATS AND GROCERIES
REMEMBER IT'S
COSTA'S

145 State Street

Rutland, Vt.

—A home-owned store—

Dr. J. Jos. Corley
DENTISTRY

Merchants Row

Over Fishman's

Ray Beane, Incorporated

Strand Theatre Building
Rutland, Vermont

Goodyear Tires

Willard Batteries

—PHONE 656

ASA S. BLOOMER

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